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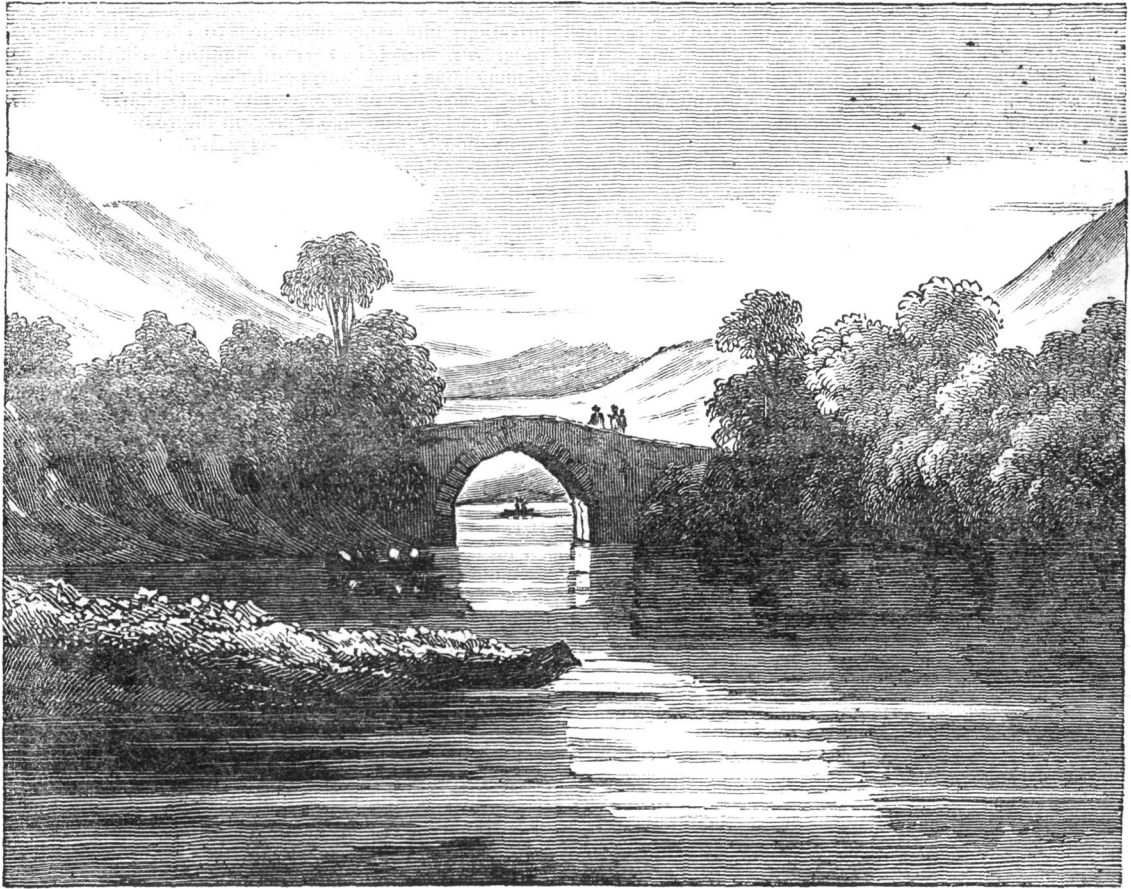
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BRICKEEN BRIDGE—LAKES OF KILLARNEY.*

A GUIDE TO KILLARNEY AND GIENGARIFF.

Good Reader! mistake not our title—though in our second volume, recently published, we performed the part of a friendly guide through some of the most interesting portions of the county of Wicklow, and acted as Cicerone to the caverns of the Causeway: at present our only intention is to bring before your notice a little work just published in our city, bearing the title which we have taken, and which, as “a Tourist” by profession, we can professionally recommend to tourists and travellers in search of the picturesque and the pleasing, as these are to be discovered among the wilds, the woods, and the waters of Killarney and for fifty miles along the coast in that direction of our Island—aye, gentle Reader! even for fifty miles, for as we are informed in the preface to the work before us—“If a traveller look westward from Cape Clear, he may obtain an unimpeded prospect, for fifty miles along a steep and ironbound range of coast, equally

imposing for its bold promontories, and for the deep and landlocked bays which stretch far within their mountainous and craggy ranges. The splendid mountain and sea views—the picturesque glens and vallies—the objects of historical or legendary interest—are numerous, beyond the scope of the ordinary tourist. These particulars will present themselves variously to the traveller according to his time, and emerge into distinct notice as the country grows familiar. In a few seasons the O’Sullivan, aboriginal lords of Bear and Bantry, may become as renowned in the tourist’s tale as their traditionary brethren of Killarney;—the geologist’s hammer will have echoed from the argillaceous schistus of every valley, and struck sparks from the flint of every summit. In the mean time, the characteristic features of the district—the splendid sterility of the mountain side—the rude cultivation of the vale—the earthbuilt hovel—the real Kerry cow, which (by a peculiarly appropriate Iricism) is only to be found in the mountains of Cork—and the flock of goats, forming no mean feature of the upland scene—will have told their own tale to the most careless eye.”

“The town of Killarney is but forty-five miles and one furlong from Cork, and as the coach starts at so early an hour, the journey is made totally in daylight. The intervening country does not possess many attractions of a

* This bridge unites the extremity of the promontory of Mucruss with Brickeen Island; it consists of one Gothic arch, whose altitude is seventeen feet, and span twenty-seven, and was built by the late Colonel Herbert.

picturesque description, but acquires much interest from its vicinity to the splendid scenery of Lough Lein; at every step, some remarkable remnant of the strength, or ancient splendour of the feudal castles, and many a venerable monastic pile, excite attention and awaken curiosity."

But we have said it is not our intention just now to furnish a regular guide to Killarney; perchance ere our present volume arrive at its close it may come into our cranium to take a trip in that direction; and our readers may rest satisfied it shall not be without their knowledge or without having their amusement and entertainment in view. With several of the more attractive scenes which present themselves in the "Upper, Middle, and Lower lakes," the readers of our former volumes must be already well acquainted; but if spared health and strength till the opening of another season, we promise ourselves the pleasure of procuring with them not only an appetite for dinner in passing over Hungry Mountain, but of assuaging our thirst at the Devil's Punch-bowl, after having invaded the territories of Turk mountain and Mangerton, and visited the Hermit of the Lakes in his abbey of Mucruss. For the present, however, we shall merely proceed as far as the pass of Cooleagh, and most willingly do we go back for fifty miles to join the learned and pleasant traveller from whom our guide has quoted, and from whose remarks, oral and written, we have more than once before derived pleasure and improvement.* Proceeding from Skull in the direction of Bantry, he observes—"On my way, I passed the dark and lofty Mount Gabriel to the left, and took my dreary way over a most comfortless tract of country, the peninsula of Ivaugh, the ancient territory of O'Mahony Fune; a prince this O'Mahony was of bogs and rocks enough; and here the tribe of the O'Mahonys have contrived to increase and multiply, and have replenished those wastes with Paddies, pigs, and potatoes. Let no one say, after looking at these moors, studded over with cabins, and these cabins crowded with children, pigs, goats, cocks and hens, that a poor Irishman is not an industrious creature. No; look at that string of men, women, boys, and girls, toiling up the mountain-side with sea-weed and sea-sand, in baskets on their backs. See them reclaiming, from amidst rocks and bogs, patches of ground on which to cultivate their only food, the potato; and no one witnessing this struggle of human industry against nature, but must acknowledge that the Irish can be industrious."

PANORAMIC VIEW OF BANTRY BAY.

"The road from Dunmanus Bay brings you over another parallel mountain ridge: and after a tedious ascent you crown the summit, and at once see the whole panorama of Bantry Bay under your feet; I challenge the British Empire to show such a harbour, or such fine land and sea scenery. Nothing I have as yet seen in Wales, or England, or Ireland, is at all comparable to it; perhaps Lough Swilly comes near it—but it must yield the palm. It is inferior in climate, mountain outline, and expanse of harbour. Besides, Bantry Bay holds that beautiful gem, Glengarriff, within the setting of its wide and gorgeous ring.

"As I stood on the southern ridge of mountain, and looked across on a fine clear March day—to the east, in the far blue distance, rose Mangerton, in dark and lofty massiveness: to the left of it, M'Gillicuddy's Reeks, their points piercing the 'cumulo stratus' of the clouds, and leaving you to guess at their mysterious altitudes; nearer still to the north-west, Hungry Mountain rising like an embattled wall before you, and down its mural descent, as relieved from its black ground, fell the cataract of Adrigoll, in a perpendicular silver column of 800 feet! nearer still, facing the north, the Sugarloaf mountain, almost as white in its silicious quartzose formation, as if it were chrystallized sugar; directly under my feet was the inner harbour of Bantry, protected and divided from the outer bay by the green island of Whiddy; and up and down on that placid water were studded isles and islets, one crested with an ancient castle, another crowned with

a modern battery—here a Martello tower, and there the ruins of a fishing palace; and to finish the setting of this rich jewel, the trees, woods, hills, and fine mansion-house of Lord Bantry, his green and highly dressed lawn, sweeping down in easy undulations to the very water's edge. I cannot say how much I was struck with this delightful *tout ensemble*. And certainly, as was exemplified here, any thing that is admirable is made much more so by contrast. I had for miles travelled over a dull and dreary way—bare, desolate, unsatisfactory—rocky elevations, or gloomy moors, crowded with miserable huts, a population evidently and fearfully increasing, amidst difficulties and privations altogether insufficient to check its monstrous progress; and I had read Malthus's convincing but gloomy book; and war, pestilence, and famine, '*terribiles visu formæ*,' rose up in necessary association, as summoned to feast on and make prey in future of this teeming population. It therefore was a pleasant relief, coming down from this district, to rest on the sweet green shores of Bantry Bay, to feast my eyes on the wooded hills, with all their herds and deer, of Lord Bantry's park, hanging as it does in umbrageous verdure over the noble sheet of water; and to add to the full keeping of this fine landscape, a large West Indian man rode in all the quiet repose of the secure and land-locked anchorage."

But we again join our Guide, who thus describes the Harbour of Bantry Bay:

"This capacious harbour is twenty six miles in length, and in breadth from six to eight—its depth varies from ten to forty fathoms. Its entrance lies between Sheep-head point and the mountains of Beerhaven. It contains several islands, of which the principal are Bear Island and Whiddy. Whiddy is nearest to the town: it presents a surface of gentle inequalities, covered by a highly fertile soil. It is about three miles in length, and from one to a quarter of a mile in breadth, and maintains about four hundred and fifty inhabitants. Besides some excellent springs, it has two considerable lakes, one of fresh and the other of salt water, the latter of which abounds with large eels. On this island are three batteries, erected subsequent to the attempted invasion of the French in 1796. It contains the remains of an ancient castle of the O'Sullivans, to whom the whole of this district once belonged. The present proprietor is the Earl of Bantry.

"Near the entrance of the harbour, Bear Island lifts its rude wild cliffs against the south-western storms, affording a shelter, which is not likely to be undervalued by any one who has witnessed the inconceivable fury and mountain volume with which the waves of the Atlantic rush against these rocky barriers. This island is about six miles long, and one in distance from the western shore, forming an interval which is called Beerhaven harbour, on the mainland side of which is the little town of Beerhaven. Beerhaven was formerly defended by a strong castle. It was a place of no small importance in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, when the Irish chiefs maintained a frequent intercourse with Spain.—The other islands which lie near the town are, Chapel, Horse, Hog, and Rabbit Islands.

"In exploring this Bay, the informed tourist will find its interest heightened by many traditionary and historical recollections. He will hear or recollect, with a smile, the antiquarian dreams of the venerable visionary Keating, according to whom the antediluvian Beth landed here, and first took possession of the green Island, with three men and fifty women. Here, on a small island, his attention will be directed to the site of a fortress belonging to that consummate statesman and leader, Carew, Lord President of Munster in the days of Elizabeth.—Here also he will recollect the descent of a French fleet in 1789, under the command of Monsieur Perrault, which was only saved from the English fleet under Herbert by the unfavourable state of the wind, which did not permit more than a partial attack. And here also, last not least, he will recal the more formidable event of 1789, when this island was providentially rescued, by a hurricane of unparalleled fury, from the most formidable fleet that ever left the shores of France, bearing a force which there was no preparation to repel."

So far we have travelled in close company with our

* Sketches in the North and South by C. O., a work that ought to be in the hands of every traveller in Ireland.

Guide; but we now turn again to the interesting traveller to whom he before introduced us, who we find at

THE PASS OF COOLEAGH.

"I now proceeded on my road towards Inchigeela, in an eastern direction. I rolled rapidly along a capital road, and coasting the river Ouvane, by its northern bank, I came within the gorges of the hills, which now closed me in on every side, and still ascending along the banks of the noisy and sparkling stream, I entered a pretty mountain valley, wherein was a slated cottage, and a pleasant little meadow, the whole surrounded by mountains; and at length

'The ascending vale

Long straightened by the mountain here was closed.'

"The road seemed to have got into what the French call a *Cul de sac*, and you seem at a dead stop unless you can say some such talismanic words to the mountain as "open Sesame." But all of a sudden you turn a jutting rock, and enter the singular and stupendous pass of Cooleagh. I have been through the pass of the Scalp near Dublin. I have never been at the pass of Bearnosmore in the county of Donegal; but the scalp at any rate bears no comparison to this chasm, which nature has cut for two miles through these mountains.

"Reader, have you ever read Southey's poem of Roderick, the last of the Goths? and if so, don't you recollect his awful description of the vale of Covadonga, in the Asturias. By the bye, fine as it is, and good as is the story of the destruction of the Moors there, I believe he has taken his outline from Hofer's overthrow of a French army in one of the passes of the Tyrol. At all events, good reader, read if you can get it, Southey's poem of Roderick, and if this little tour in no other respect pleases you, you will owe it thanks for directing you to one of the most delightful Poems of modern times. What Southey says of Covadonga may be well applied to the pass of Cooleagh—

'Here amidst heaps
Of mountain wrecks, on either side thrown high,
The wide spread traces of its watery night
The tortuous channel wound.'

'No fields of waving corn were here,
Vineyard, nor bowering fig, nor fruitful vine,
Only the rocky vale. The mountain stream,
Incumbent crags, and hills that over hills
Arose on either hand. Here hung the yew—
Here the rich heath that o'er some smooth ascent
Its purple glory spread—or golden gorse—
Bare here, and striated with many a hue
Scored by the wintry rain, by torrents here,
And with o'erhanging rocks abrupt.
Here crags loose hanging o'er the narrow pass
Impended.

"This deep and extraordinary chasm, which nature has excavated through these mountains, and which, within these last ten years, has been taken advantage of, in order to make an excellent road between Macroom and Bantry, is really one of the most picturesque things in Ireland. It is well worth a journey to see its rocks and precipices: its cliffs clothed with ivy, and here and there interspersed through the masses of rock, old holly and yew trees, and occasionally an arbutus:—And then its strange and sudden windings. You look back, and you cannot find out how you got in—before you, and you cannot imagine how you are to get forward. You might imagine that the spirit of the mountain had got you into his strong hold, and that you were impounded here by everlasting enchantment. Then the surpassing loveliness of the place—

'I never
So deeply felt the force of solitude.
High over head the eagle soared serene,
And the grey lizard on the rocks below
Basked in the sun.'

"And now I had arrived at one part of the Pass where an immense square, castellated rock, a keep of nature's own construction, seemed to stop up the road for ever. The sides of this natural fortress were clothed and

garnished with ivy, maiden hair, feathery ferns, and London pride; and on the very top of the crag, as if a warder on the battlements, on the very extreme beeching point, a goat, a high horned shaggy fellow stood—and how he stood I could not explain, or scarcely imagine—but there he was in all bearded solemnity. Salvator Rosa would have painted for a month gratis, to be indulged with an opportunity of fixing such a scene and such an accompaniment on his canvass. My companion in the gig in which I travelled, was an orderly, well-conducted servant; he had journeyed with me over many a hill, and along many a coast, and yet so imperturbable and so unsusceptible was he, that hitherto in all my journeyings he had never ventured to make a remark on scenes so sublime or so beautiful, that they used to make me wild with delight and noisy admiration. But here the soul of the man could not contain itself, and he cried out—'Oh, dear Sir, what a mighty grand place;—this fogs all we have seen yet. But then, master, take care you don't stay too long here looking at it, for sure enough Munster has no readier place for cutting a throat.' 'I declare, George, you are quite right as to the grandeur of this wondrous spot, and you are not wrong in saying, that it is a close convenient place for cutting throats.' This brought to my mind that this very spot was, not long ago, a scene of blood and battle. It was the strong hold of the poor misguided Rockites, in the winter of the year 1822, when instigated by incendiaries, and deluded by dark and curtained men. Hither the deluded peasantry retired, as to a strong hold, where they imagined

'That nature for the free and brave prepared
A sanctuary, where no oppressor's power—
No might of human tyranny could pierce.'

SINGULAR EXPLOITS OF LORD BANTRY AND CAPTAIN ROCK.

"From hence, as from an insurrectionary centre, they made incursions in search of arms towards Bantry, Macroom, and Dunmanway. After an incursion of this kind, and an attack on a gentleman's house near Bantry, Lord B——y, and his brother, Captain W——e, of Glengarriff, attended by about forty mounted gentlemen, and a party of the 39th foot, commanded by an officer, pursued the insurgents, who retreated before them, and sought the recesses of the mountains that surround the Pass. On coming at the jaws of the defile, the pursuers halted and held council; the hills were not accessible to horsemen, and the officer commanding the military declared, that unless the heights were scoured by a large body of troops, he would not enter such a man-trap as the glen. Whereupon Lord B——y and his brother, urged on by their contempt of the rebels, and reckless of unascertained danger, persisted in pushing forward, and dashed into the straits, while the cautious officer persisted that his small detachment could only serve to keep the gates of the mountain open, and cover their retreat. The grey of a winter's morning was just opening as the horsemen burst into the pass, and on they pricked at full gallop, as it was his lordship's desire to proceed onward towards some villages situated on the lakes of Inchigeela, where he hoped to apprehend some notorious characters, the leaders and promoters of the present insurrection. About half way in the Glen a scout of Captain Rock lay on a bed of fern, under a cliff, wrapped in that loose frize coat which Spencer, two hundred years ago, so graphically described as a fit house for an outlaw, and a meet bed for a rebel. This man started up from his lair, pike in hand, and joined the horsemen, supposing that they were some of the *Boys*, that had returned from a marauding expedition.—The poor creature, while huzzaing for Captain Rock, was cut down, and left there for dead, and the troop got through the pass. But other scouts were more on the alert, and the leader of the insurgents was soon informed that there was a party of the military stationed at the western mouth of the pass, and that a large body of horsemen was passing through it. He who personated on this day the ubiquitous Captain Rock, was not calculated to throw discredit on his "nom de guerre." He was not one to overlook or forego the advantages his enemy presented him with. He felt that his foes were within his grasp, for he stood secure that they must re-pass the de-

file : and he counted on their capture as much as if he had them within the clenching of his fist. No one could tell who this young man was, his bearing, address, attire, accent, bespoke him much above the common sort, and as not a native of Cork. Be he whom he might, no one presumed to question his power—all were on oath bound to obey, and with a blast of his bugle he summoned in his forces, and called to his side his generals of division, Lieutenants Pat Peep-o-day, and Sylvester Starlight, and then in a speech, not so round and set as Livy or Tacitus would record, but in that abrupt, joyous, presumptuous tone, fast and fiery, like a Milesian Irishman, addressed his followers—'Only, boys, look this day to your cause and your oaths—mind my bidding; be steady but for this one morning, and the whole west country is your own; and I promise you all, boys, the tap of Lord B——y's cellar. Peep-o-day, off with you westward—take sixty of the smartest boys in the whole mountain, and run round the red coats—watch them well—keep them at play as you would a ball on the hoop of your hurl—never come to close quarter—keep behind the rocks and turf-clamps—never fire till sure of your man. Run away as they advance—coax them if you can into the hills—tease them until you see they quit the pass, and follow you into the mountain—amuse them as a plover would a spaniel on a moor, and when we have houghed all the horsemen, I will come to you and hamstring all the soldiers.'

"Starlight, take you fifty of the stoutest men on our roll—each man must carry a spade along with his gun or pike. Go to the Red Deer's Rock—that big stone which overhangs the pass, and from which the Fairy Buck bounded and cleared the Glen when Fin McCoul hunted him for a summer's day, with his good dog Brun. The stone, big as it is, is loose already; I almost shook it the other evening with my shoulder. Twenty men, in ten minutes, will undermine and leave it so, that at command you can kick it down like a foot-ball. Off, Starlight, lose no time; dig away as if you were digging by night for dreamt-of gold. Work for the Virgin and St. Patrick, and when the rock is ready to rattle down, clap your Kerry cow's horn to your mouth, and blow me the old Whiteboy's blast, and then wait quietly until you hear three distinct flourishes of my bugle, and then, in the name of all the saints, down with the rock. It will plug up the pass, as this cork stops my dram-bottle; and then, my brave boys, these Orange oppressors, these pitiless men, who rode rough shod over the country, are in our power. The foxes of Bantry and Glengariff are bagged—we who have been hunted and hallooed at—our blood spilt like water—our necks broken on the gallows—our heads rolling on their scaffolds. We who have borne a century of suffering and of shame; now, now our time is come; we have all the vermin of the country in our power—fox, and badger, marten, weasel, and pole-cats—come, boys, we shall have rare sport; we shall all be in at the death, and every man can choose his game.'

"Thus spoke Captain Rock; and forward marched Lieutenants Peep-o-day and Starlight to their respective positions; Captain Rock disposed his own main body on either side of the eastern end of the defile, each man effectually secreted and covered by his own gray rock; so that were any traveller to bend his way at that hour through the pass, he would have felt awe-struck as he went along at the loneliness of his wayfaring. But not so at the western end of the glen. There Peep-o-day, the moment he arrived, began his tactics; some of the fleetest and most enterprising of the *Boys* crept along the brow of the pass, and under shelter of the rocks and heath, came within shot of the military party—fired a volley, and then fled towards the hills. The officer, a cool veteran, whose experience taught himself-possession, who was well seasoned in Guerilla practice during the Peninsular war, saw the hazard of dispersing his small detachment amongst the mountains, and ordered his men to stand to their post and not attempt pursuit. Again Peep-o-day tried his practice, and some of his men came so near as to taunt and scold the red-coats from behind the rocks, and here a few of the soldiers, irritated by the insolent forwardness of the whiteboys started forward in pursuit, and ascended the mountain, but they had not gone very far when from amongst the

hills and bog-holes, up started the enemy on every side and a bloody, and hand to hand contest ensued. Luckily all effected their escape except one light infantry man, who more forward than the rest, fell, pierced with a hundred pike wounds.

"In the mean time Lord B——y returned from a fruitless search through the villages along the lakes of Inchigeela. He found every house deserted, and water thrown on every hearth, and it was high time to turn homewards, disappointed and weary,—with horses blown and jaded, and many lame from want of shoes. They entered slowly, in long and loose array, the eastern opening of the defile. Captain Rock, with head and neck protruded from behind the shelter of a cliff, and still protected from observation by an old yew, that waved its palmated foliage around him, hung in deep suspense, watching the entrance of the last Bantry man into the pass—he seemed to fear lest he should lose one of them—he counted them as a rat-catcher would count the vermin that he was enticing into his cage; and now he crossed himself—he heard the beatings of his own heart like the tick of a death-watch, as he counted the seconds, expecting every moment to hear Starlight's horn announcing that the rock was uprooted.

"The Bantry men had about a mile to pass on, before they came to the point over which the loosening rock impended. At the rate they were proceeding, about ten minutes would have brought them to it. Rock's hopes, or dashed or realised, hung in suspense these ten minutes; and still onward the horsemen wound their toilsome march, through the silence of the defile. At this instant an old man of the Mahony's looked down from his covert, and saw Lord B——y and his brother just passing under him. This poor fellow had once two sons, the pride of his name and the consolation of his descending years—active, honest, industrious; but, alas! seduced into the Rock system, their house near Gougane Barra was searched under the provisions of the Insurrection Act, and arms and ammunition being found concealed, they were tried at Bantry, and sentenced to be transported, which sentence was instantly put into execution, and their aged parents were left desolate and destitute; the mother wept her life away, and her grey hairs descended in sorrow to the grave; and the old man joined the rising, and cared not how he died. This bereaved old man saw now, as he thought, the very man in his power who robbed him of all the props of his existence, and in an agony of passion that brooked no restraint, he started up on the gray rock that hitherto concealed him, and holding high in his withered arms a ponderous stone,

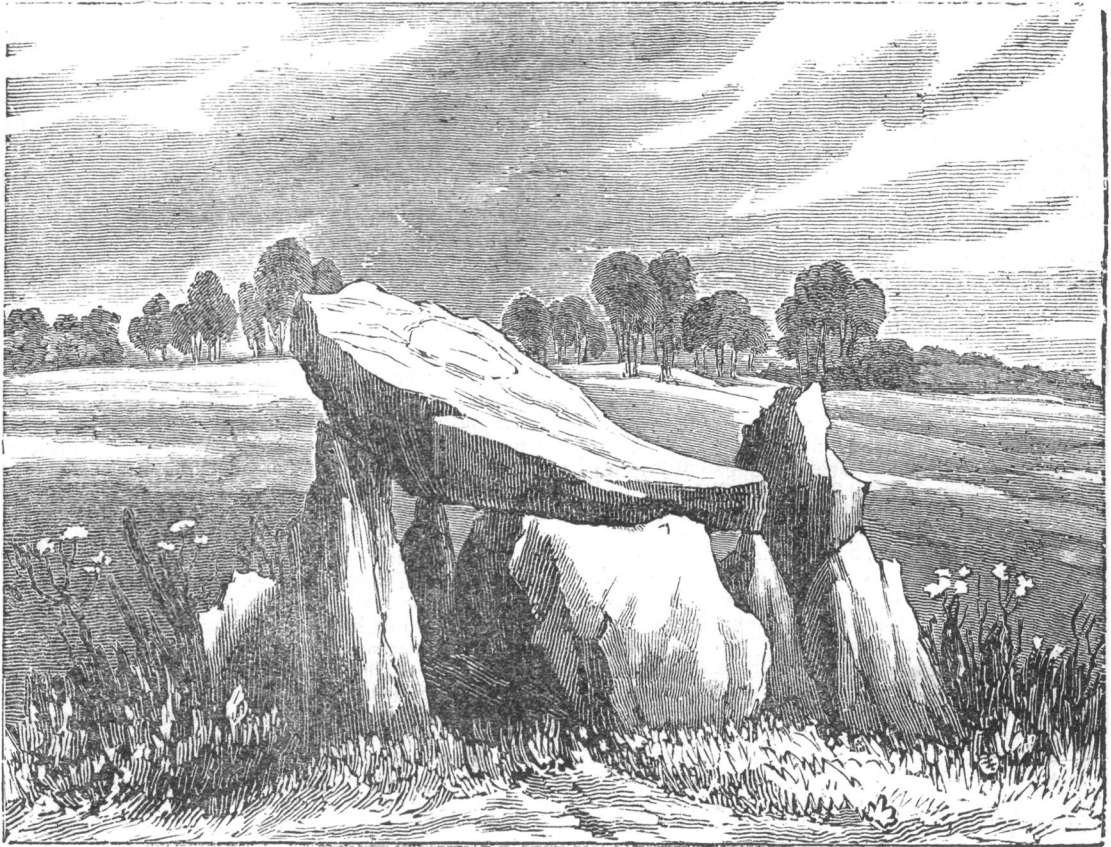
His loose coat floated on the wind
His hoary hair
Streamed like a meteor in the troubled air;

And muttering the curse of him that was made childless, he cast the stone with wonderful energy down on Lord B——. The stone missed his Lordship, but wounded severely his horse, and immediately Captain W—— drew forth his pistol, and with accurate aim, fired at the old assailant, who stood over head, still foaming forth wrath and curses. The bullet, true to its mark, passed through the streaming hair of the poor impassioned wretch, and closed for ever his sorrows and sufferings. Down he came, tumbling from rock to rock, until he lay along the road, a mortal ruin, grey and blasted and bloody. The sight was too much for Irishmen to bear; all the prudential commands of Captain Rock were forgotten; and setting up one universal yell, each man started forth from behind his rock, and the whole glen bristled with pikes and muskets. Move;—march—away, cried Captain W——; a gallop or a grave.—Lord B——y, keep a head; I will bring up the rear.—Spur, spur for your lives;—keep moving and they cannot mark us. Never was advice better given, or more carefully taken. Lame and jaded, the spur's rowel and the sword's point goaded the horses on, and forward the whole party rushed; and just as Lieutenant Starlight had loosened his rock; just as it was tottering to its fall; just as the horn sounded; the last loyalist passed beneath it and turned the point; and then down it came, a smoking

ruin, closing up the pass effectually, too late to bar retreat, but just in time to preclude the enemies' pursuit.

"Thus the whole well contrived military speculation of young Rock was defeated. The destinies of Providence dashed his enterprize, and dissolved it like a mist upon the mountain. The Bantry men soon got through the defile; they joined the detachment of the king's troops at the Glen's mouth, and they all retreated unmolested to Bantry.

"Some time after, a large body of troops surrounded and scoured the mountains, but no Captain Rock; he had retreated in hopelessness into the fastnesses of Slievegher and it cost the sappers and miners of the King's army, many a blast, and many a pound of powder, before they broke up the rock with which Lieutenant Starlight, a minute too late, closed up the pass of Cooleagh."



GIANT'S RING.

About four miles from Belfast, in the parish of Drumbo, there is a very extraordinary monument of antiquity, called the Giant's Ring. It consists of an enormous circle, perfectly level, about five hundred and eighty feet in diameter, or nearly one third of an Irish mile in circumference. This vast ring is enclosed by an immense mound or parapet of earth, upwards of eighty feet in breadth at the base; and though it is probable, in the lapse of nearly two thousand years, the height of this bank must have much decreased, it is still so great as to hide the surrounding country, except the tops of the mountains, entirely from the view; and in its original state there is not a doubt but that they were also invisible.

Near the centre of the circle stands the *cromlech*, or rude altar of stone; and whether the proofs that such monuments were used in the idolatrous adoration of the sun, be or be not satisfactory, it is a circumstance that deserves to be remembered, that the Giant's Ring would exclude from the gaze of a mistaken multitude every object but the glorious luminary himself, whose beams they worshipped. It is a place which is calculated to inspire an uninformed druid with additional superstition, or with the necessity of increased mortification; and they who formed it had a just conception of those human feelings which are extensive in their influence, powerful in their operation, and most deeply to be moved by external nature. The sloping stone of the altar is almost circular, being seven feet in one direction, six and

a half in the other, and upwards of a foot in thickness at the edges, but in the centre considerably more. This *cromlech* is either very erroneously described by Mr. Harris, or its appearance has greatly altered since the year 1744. We are informed in the History of the County of Down, that "two ranges of pillars, each consisting of seven, support this monstrous rock, beside which there are several other stones fixed upright in the ground, at the distance of about four feet. Of these latter there remains but one; the upper stone at present rests upon four, and not upon fourteen supporters; the entire number which compose the altar is only ten—and though it is probable that several may have fallen down, or in some manner changed their position, it is inconceivable how so great a disproportion as the two accounts present could ever be reconciled."*

HERCULANEUM AND POMPEII.

SIR—The following particulars of the destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii—the former laid under a leaden covering of lava, and the latter immersed in an ashy grave of pulverized matter, may not be uninteresting or useless to some of your readers.—Those sepulchred remains of Roman splendour which give us a knowledge of a true Roman city, with its temples, palaces, and baths—

* Stat. Acc. pp. 256.—278.